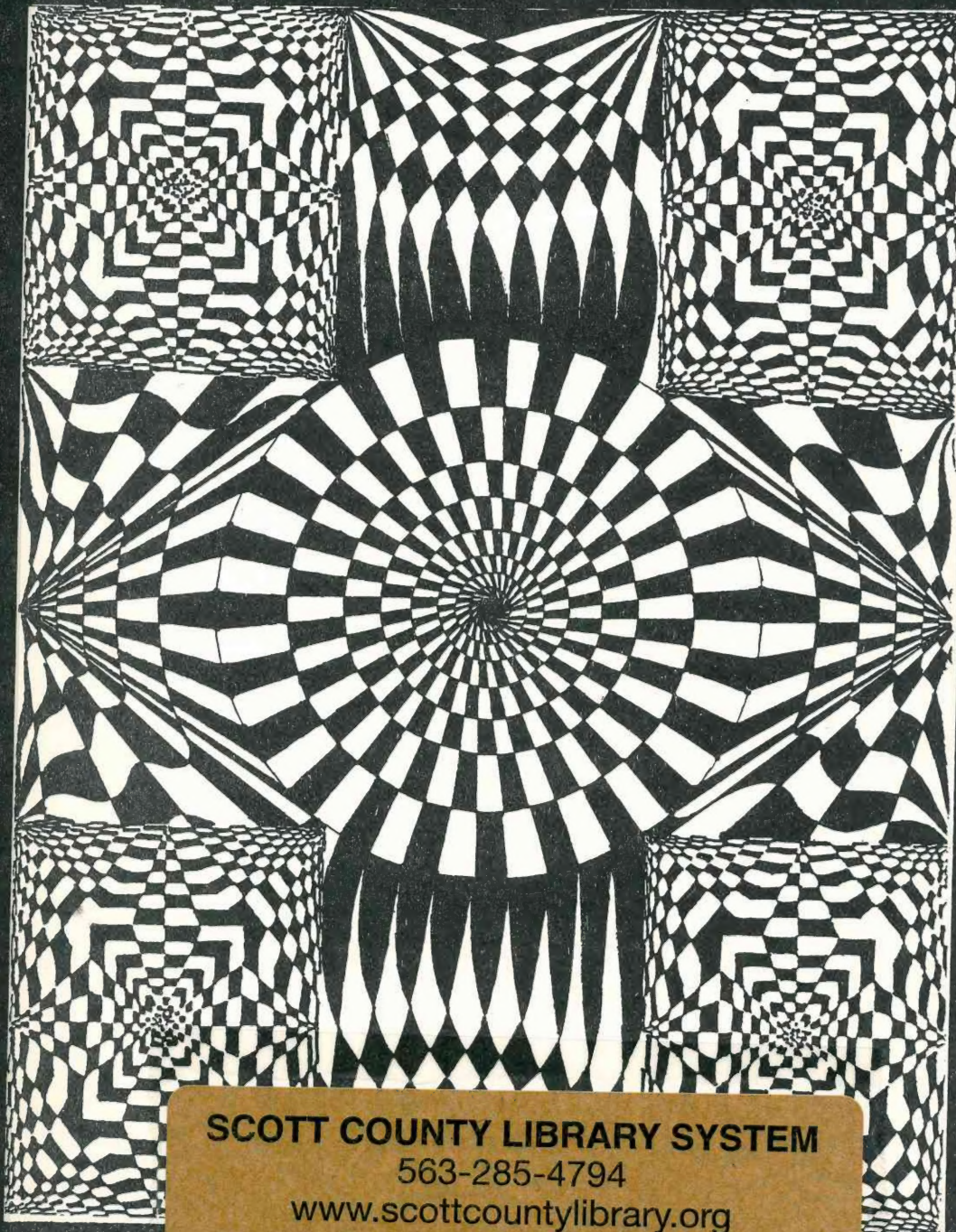


Morning Star



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Advised by Gene Conrad

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Morning Star

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Karen L. Rhodes, '96
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Gina Dunn, '95
Sabrina Witt, '96
Angie Tague, '95
Kevin Soucy, '96

Cover art and sketch of girl by Cheyanne Glover, '95

There is no Frigate like a book
To take us Lands away
Nor any Coursers like a Page
Of prancing Poetry ---
This Travel may the poorest take
Without offense of Toll ---
How frugal is the Chariot
That bears the Human soul.

Emily Dickinson

The following letter is reprinted from the first edition of the Morning Star in 1984 to help students understand its meaning and origin.

-Angie Tague, Editor

A Letter From the Editors

This letter's purpose is to explain the derivation of the title for our student anthology.

First of all, the morning star was a medieval weapon, somewhat like a mace in appearance. The factor was considered as it would complement North Scott's other publications: The Lance, our newspaper; and The Shield, our yearbook. In the context of medieval weapons, morning star is quite appropriate.

Second, the term "morning star" can be used to describe any person whose talents are beginning to emerge. For a publication devoted to rising young writers, "Morning Star" reflects both on the publication and the writers represented within its covers.

Finally, the title's double meaning shows a quality unique to the English language. In no other language is it possible to form a double meaning using the exact words in the same context. Only the English tongue is so versatile. Therefore, the title "Morning Star" not only represents its literal meanings, but also indicates what can be done with the English language by those individuals, some of whom are represented in this anthology, who have made writing their craft.

Read and enjoy,

The Editorial staff

The Greatest Gift of All

The gift I give you, you already hold. It's deep in your heart and down in your soul. It stays with you where ever you are and on your darkest night it shines like a star. It's with you always when you're up or you're down, happy or sad, smile or frown. And it's with you through the wind and the rain but never forget it when you're feeling some pain.

This gift I give you is rare of its kind, the reason being because it is mine. The gift of love, is the greatest of all, even though it may seem so small.

Tara Ash, '95

Happy Birthday From Me To You

A happy birthday wish from me to you
one I hope that will come true.
One to make all the stars bright
even on a stormy night.

A wish that will not let you frown
when things go wrong and you are down.
One that pushes you to do your best
when things are tough and you need a rest.

A wish to give you the strength you need
to always be the one to lead.
And one that tells you how much I care
and that I always will be there.
Because-

A friend and that you will always be
a very special person to me.

Tara Ash '95

Life From a Fish's Eyes

As I'm swimming
through the sea
I wonder why I
have to be me.
The top is hot
the bottom is cold
and swimming in
the middle-I do
get bored!
I see a worm that
I would like to
munch
but then I wonder
am I the lunch???

Tara Ash, '95

Tired

I'm tired of getting knocked down
Whenever I stand.
Tired of getting stepped on
Whenever I turn my back.
Tired of being judged
By those who think they're God.
Tired of people whispering
Whenever I'm not there.

Don't they have the courage
To tell it to my face?
But I don't have the nerve to ask.
They lie to me with their smiles
Along with a cheerful "Hi."
They never really knew me
Before they came up with
A million reasons not to.

Cheyenne Glover, '95

To Judge Me

Please don't judge me
when you first see me.
Until you know my lucky number,
and the color of my eyes.
Shared my passions,
and felt my hatred.
Learned of my pain,
and of the things that give me joy.
Stressed my strengths,
and ignored my weaknesses.
Know of many dreams,
and the things that I fear.
Stop rejoicing when I lose,
but become proud when I win.
Then you will finally know me,
and have the right to judge me.
And hopefully by then,
I can call you my friend.

Cheyenne Glover, '95

What I Want

I want to live to be a hundred, and not have a single wrinkle.
I want to run around the world, and not touch the ground once.
I want to jump off a cliff, and land on my feet at the bottom.
I want to stare up at the sky, and find the answer to "why?"
I want to look at myself, without looking at a reflection.
I want to fall asleep in my bed, a wake up in a fluffy white cloud.
I want to see and feel God, not just a picture of Him.
I want to fall in love, with someone who will love me back.
I want to forget about pain, and remember what gives me joy.
I know it's a lot to ask for, but I just really need one.

Cheyenne Glover, '95

Red...

The man in purple has no name...
He sits and waits for what?

The girl in red has names of many
colors, she will go running to him...

Then, at once, the colors combine,
the two, become one...

This has happened a few times
before, her love and longing for him is
great...

Then, he says it's over, her heart
turns to blackness, will she ever be in
red again?

Kiley A. Hudson, '98

That Someone Special-

Is there really a someone,
a someone out there, who can
make our lives perfect, who really
will care?

Is there really a man who
is perfect in every way? Is he
from around here, or is he
from far away?

I only know that my
heart is longing for him, for
his touch, for his hug, for his
smile, for his kiss.

I want him to find me.
I want him to find me
quickly. I need him to say
he loves me, and everything's
meant to be.

I can only hope he knows
his feelings; he knows them as
I know mine.

I won't be picky. I just
want some affection; and
a guy who won't play
with my mind.

Kiley Hudson, '98

Puzzle Pieces

Life is like a puzzle, lost pieces in a jigsaw world.
Can you find the lost pieces to my heart to complete my love?
Each piece of the puzzle slowly breaks away from me.

Love, falling away floating in the sea.

Broken pieces,

Broken dreams,

Why does this keep happening to me?

Broken hearts,

Broken faces,

All my love for you broken, and scattered in different places.

Nic Schrader, '98

The Fearful Night

A fearful night in the hospital hall,
not what I had pictured to end it all.
I unstapped my restraints with a Bowie knife,
Praying I wouldn't have to make my escape,
Little did I know they would get it on tape.
Creeping down the hall like a sly snake,
I ran into a dinner tray with a Salisbury steak.
Shushing the cart, I continued on my way,
When I crept up to a old nurse named May.
I nabbed her fast as not to run,
I didn't want her blond hair to spoil my fun.
I grasped her head and gave it a jerk,
Twisting it into a gruesome smirk.
I cautiously chuckled in spite of myself,
And continued up to a supply shelf.
I quickly picked up a syringe and a liquid cleanser,
I filled up the syringe looking for a contender.
To feel my wrath my god-like power,
Hoping it came down to this final hour.
I found a doctor and inserted the drug,
Dropping him cold I gave a shrug.
As the security guards jumped me from behind,
I knew they had finally gotten into my mind.
They drug me from the hospital hall,
Knowing today had ended it all.

Karen L. Rhodes '96

My Prince

I dreamt of a prince to always love me,
Someone to always stand by me.
Someone gentle, handsome and kind,
A man to appreciate me and my mind.
A man to stand by me through thick and through thin,
To be by my side until the end.
A man so handsome and always true,
With whom I could never ever be blue.
Someone to fulfil my every desire,
Someone to build a passionate fire.
I searched and searched till I finally found,
Someone to always be around.
A love so handsome with chocolate brown eyes,
A love of whom I could never despise.
A man to stand by me all of my days,
A man to be near me and love me always.
I found my prince gentle and kind,
A man to always be on my mind,
I found my prince.....
In You.

Karen Louise Rhodes '96

My Voyage

Why should I have returned?
My knowledge would not fit into theirs.
I found untouched the desert of the unknown,
Big enough for my feet. It is my home.
It is always beyond them. The future
Splits the present with the echo of my voice.
Hoarse with fulfillment, I never made promises.

Jake Schneckloth, '96

Slavery

The sufferance of her race is shown,
And retrospect of life,
Which now too late deliverance dawns upon;
Yet she not at strife.

Her children's children they shall know
The good withheld from her;
And so her reverie takes prophetic cheer--
In spirit she sees the stir.

Far down the depth of thousand years,
And marks the revel shine;
Her dusky face is lit with sober light,
Sibylline, yet benign.

Jake Schneckloth '96

Our People

Under the kildeer cry
our people hunted all day
graying toward winter, their
lodges to the north wind's edge.

Watching miles of marsh grass
take the supreme caress,
they looked out over the earth,
and the north wind felt like the truth.

Fluttering in the wind
they stood there on the world,
clenched in their own lived story.
Under the kildeer's cry.

Jake Schneckloth, '96

Love's Sad Song

The waves come rushing in and out,
My love pouring out like a leaky spout,
Little by little, one by one,
Love's great kiss like the ocean to the sun,
One dark secret lingers deep inside,
Fear and anger come in like a rushing tide,
Secrets we have shared, hands that have touched,
All to soon leave in one big bunch,
Sometimes being loved isn't like it really is,
Soon he'll leave you like the last one did.

Angela Crotty, '96

Dragons and Things

Long ago in the days of old,
There were dragons strong and bold,
They thought they were cool; they thought they were tough,
But all their strength was not enough,
There came a prince in the shadows high,
A mighty prince that could never die,
He came to the place where the dragons play,
And looked around at the dragons' last day,
Poor things, they would have to die,
"The task must be accomplished, appointed am I."
So he took his sword to the valley low,
And killed the dragons blow by blow,
A death for all to remember and say,
"The dragons are dead, now our children can play."
The land was safe and well inside,
But the dragons will always live in your mind.

Angela Crotty '96

Born Again

When you were lost, God found once,
Rehabilitation cost you months,
Walking the road never to stray,
Finding love when you fast and pray.
All too soon you stumble and fall,
Finding yourself out of call.
Ask God for help along the way,
And tell Him thank you every day.

Angela Crotty '96

Gifts

I gave him
the gift of friendship.
The kind that
never dies.

I gave him
the gift of trust.
Free to do
what he wanted.

I gave him
the gift of honesty.
I never once
lied to him.

I gave him
the gift of love.
He deserved
to be loved.

She gave him
the gift of heartache,
the gift of pain,
and the gift of loneliness.

He gave her
the gift of chance.
A third, a fourth,
why go back for more?

What did he give me?
The gift of heartache,
the gift of pain,
the gift of loneliness...

and a sweet kiss good-bye.

Courtney Gilkison '95

Comfort

I'm so scared
to tell you
how I feel. I'm
scared that
you won't
care.

I wish I
knew the words
to express
how I
feel about
you.

I can't help
thinking about
what it would've
been like, and
what it could
be.

I love you,
I miss you,
I want to
come to you
and never
leave your side.

But do you
care? Does this
matter to you? Or
will you walk
away, leaving me
stranded?

Courtney Gilkison, '95

Those Eyes

Those eyes.
The stories they tell.
The pain,
The sorrow,
And the despair.
Yet the happiness,
And the memories.
The good, the bad,
The happy, the sad.
The seductive ocean blue,
That puppy dog brown.
Depends on the moment
That seductive ocean blue,
Can be angry sea gray,
Waves crashing against the shore.
Those eyes.
They tell all,
All that you endure,
All that some try to detour.
Those eyes saw all.
Saw the pain of others,
And couldn't help.
Saw the sadness of the world,
And dripped with truth.
Yet,
Those eyes exhibit joy.
Only those eyes can tell of,
The trials,
The tribulations,
And the treason of the past.
And yet,
Those eyes gleam with hope for the future.
Those eyes.

Lori Reed, '98

The Life

I find myself crying and wondering the purpose of life
Whatever happened to those worry free days with no cares in the world.
From the first cries of life, to the last breath of air.
I have found nothing but a broken heart and a bare soul.
I not know where I go, I only see where I go.
I not know who I am, I only see who I am.
I am not all here, I am lost, lost in the crowd of non-livers
I can't seem to look back upon the past when my thoughts
were pure and my heart was full.
I must go on, forward unto my future.
I must not try to dwell on my problems, but to fix them.
Life is a weird and unusual experience and not all good for everyone.
Here I am waiting for it all to end.
Here I am waiting for it all to begin.

Shauna Hunziker, '98

With A Friend

I can talk with a friend
and walk with a friend
and share my umbrella
in the rain.

I can play with a friend
and stay with a friend
and learn with a friend
and explain.

I can eat with a friend
and compete with a friend
and even sometimes
disagree.

I can ride with a friend
and take pride with a friend.
A friend can mean
so much to me!

Andrea Dexter, '97

Can you rationalize yourself
Insoluble intention
Is there a connection between yourself
Overlooking coincidence
Cannot occur.

Luke Hunt, '95

Is there a limit
Death, no
It would have to be life
The obvious mystery
Silence

Once again life has been questioned
About that same time the answer is revealed
Death

Luke Hunt, '95

I have seen the light
The sun
There are ancient myths
And they exist
The holy death
Out there beyond good and evil
I got a soul, man
And I'm not gonna sell
To Heaven or Hell.

Luke Hunt, '95

A Cry in the Night

In the dead of the night
you hear a cry
a shudder, snuggle deeper under the covers
go ahead and try

It's all around you
no matter where you go
it gets worse everyday
all the fear is starting to show

Some just ignore it
others try to hide
but that doesn't help
look at all those who've died

It's all rather stupid
the fear, the hate, the shame
but still it goes on
they just keep passing the blame

What about the children
what have they done
we just keep hurting them
this battle will never be won

It all needs to end
some time very soon
it should be kinda peaceful
like looking at the moon

Donna Marie Brandt, '95

Blue glass blades,
Jutting forward, toward the ivory, granular ground.
Rushing up - struggling to drench me,
then rushing down.
Up again it creeps and creeps,
Still it cannot reach me.
When it slithers near I step back, and back as it slithers near.
I'm not wanting yet, to get within the wet.
It is unknown, everlasting and full,
But gulping up what it can reach,
In its sucking pull.

Jessica Loesel, '95

GREENY

There once was a cucumber named Greeny
That grew to be 50 feet tall.
He wore big red shoes on his feet like vines
And ate hot dogs and drank fine wines.

Greeny live in a town called York
And had many friends within it .
The corn, the wheat, and the snappy green beans
Joined his gang called the Greens.

The corn, the wheat and the snappy green beans
Were all of regular size.
Greeny was large, and this made him sad,
But the group of the Greens were glad.

Greeny protected the gang of the Greens
And made sure they were ok.
From wind, and rain, little bad bugs
And cuts, abrasions and tugs.

This made Greeny very happy
Because he was helping his friends.
He smiled and live to the fullest
And towered over the rest!!

Natalie Lung, '96

The Warriors

In the distance battle is in the air. Warriors make ready for it, war paint is prepared for these brave young men and their ponies. The village is almost silent as the warriors prepare to leave. Women bid their brave husbands good-bye and wish them a safe journey. They leave. The journey takes two moons. As the warriors come upon the battle they shout their battle cries and raise their bows and arrows. Tomahawks are used to scalp the dirty white soldiers for taking something that they do not need, something that does not belong to them. The battle is four moons long, every last white soldier was scalped. Horses that were still around were taken back to the Indian village. Twenty of the thirty-five warriors returned. Women grieved many, many moons because of this great loss. The old men praised the young warriors who died, knowing that their spirits had returned to the village. All is peaceful, for now, as the new day begins.

Sabrina Witt

Risks And Chances

For every road that you take
There is always a chance
There is always a risk you may make
Whether because of the circumstance
Or the foolish mistakes.

You need to shoot high for your goals
You can never fail
Unless you never try
Nobody's going to help you hold to reach your goals.

You can't ever quit
Just because your unfit to play
The only one who can stop you
Is someone who knows you the best.

For every road that you take
There is always a chance
There is always a risk you may make
Whether because of the circumstance
Or the foolish mistakes.

Kyle Hans, '96

Life

There is only one way to live
and that's without fear
you can't live to fear
even though that's all you can hear

Don't always go with your heart
you have to go with you feeling
realize the pain of life
otherwise there is no reason for healing

Without any pain, there is not gain
without any heart, there is no feeling
life is no game
you must realize the pain of life

There is only one way to live
and that's without fear
you can't live to fear
even though that's all you can hear

Kyle Hans, '96

Internal Hell

Burning in internal hell for the sins the way we committed,
screaming as flames envelope our the bodies.
Tears of salt dampens the flame. Cries of terror echo in the night.
Crossing the bridge of death is near and it's for all to fear.

Waiting for Death

As death approaches me I stand still waiting for it.
I lived my life full, I've done and accomplished everything I want to.
As it comes closer I feel a cold breeze around me.
My breathing gets shallower and my heart pumps faster.
It's time to leave the cruel world in hope that I will go somewhere safer.
A black shadow overtakes my body, I know that it is here.
I do not fight it because it is useless. I don't fear it because.
There is nothing to fear from.

I Once Was A Little Girl

I once was a little girl that laughed and played like every child.
But that little girl died and left my body to find another.
Who am I now, I don't know.
I huddle in my shell liking my wounds because I was hurt.
I sometimes fight back but it doesn't help, the woundsgrow deeper.
In stead of saying what I feel I write it down.
Someday I will find the little girl that I used to be and cherish it.
For what it was.

Gina Dunn '95

Subconsciously Yours

No one hears me,
No one sees me.
Except you!

I loan you creative thoughts;
You develop them nicely.

I steer you in the right direction;
You occasionally listen.

I create you dreams;
You enjoy them.

I'm the devil of your nightmares;
You fear me.

I'm the love in your lover;
You give me to someone special.

I am the hate in your times of anger;
You vent me to the world.

I hide your deepest feelings;
Sometimes you let them out.

I make you see variety;
You pick and choose what you want to accept.

I help create your goals;
You carry them out.

No one hears me,
no one sees me,
Except you!

Angie Tague, '95

A creative hand, through which the mind flows, is the true meaning of poetic form.

Angie Tague, '95

Silohuetted fear,
Cast upon my trembling mass.
Huddled in a corner,
No forgiveness to be asked.

From his point of view,
I was deserving of the pain.
Through my swollen eyes,
Dripped tears of cloudy shame.

Angie Tague, '95

The following poem was submitted by the family of Julie K. Swarts. The poem was sent to the Swarts' family from a Virginia resident who had also lost their daughter in an automobile accident. This poem will hopefully make students think before they consider drinking and driving and remember the two students who would have been graduating seniors; Julie Kay Swarts and Laura Gross.

A Poem

I went to a party, Mom.
I remembered what you said.
You told me not to drink, Mom.
So I drank soda instead.

I felt really proud inside, Mom.
The way you said I would.
I didn't drink and drive, Mom.
Even though the others said I should.

I know ii did the right thing, Mom.
I know you're always right.
Now the party is finally ending, Mom.
As everyone drives out of sight.

As I got into my car, Mom,
I knew I'd get home in one piece,
Because of the way you raised me, Mom,
So responsible and sweet.

I started to drive away, Mom,
But as I pulled onto the road,
The other car was speeding, Mom,
And it hit me like a load.

As I lie here on the pavement, Mom,
I hear the policeman say,
The other guy is drunk, Mom,
And now I'm the one who'll pay.

I'm lying here dying, Mom,
I wish you'd get here soon.
Is this really happening to me, Mom?
My life just burst like a balloon.

There is blood all around me, Mom,
Can it really be all mine?
I hear the paramedic say, Mom,
That I'll be dead in a short time.

I just wanted to tell you, Mom,
I swear I didn't drink.
It was the others, Mom,
The others didn't think.

He didn't know where he was going, Mom,
He was at the same party as I,
The only difference, Mom,
Is that he drank, and I will die.

Why did he drink and drive, Mom?
Doesn't he care about life?
I'm feeling sharp pains now, Mom,
Pains that cut just like a knife.

The guy that hit me is walking, Mom,
I don't think it's fair.
I'm lying here dying, Mom,
While all he can do is stare.

Please tell my brother not to cry, Mom,
Tell Daddy to be brave.
I'm on my way to heaven, Mom,
Write "Daddy's Girl" on my grave.

Someone should have told him, Mom,
Not to drink and drive.
If only they would have told him, Mom,
I would still be alive.

My breath is getting shorter, Mom,
I'm getting really scared.
But please don't cry, Mom,
Because when I needed you,
you were always there.

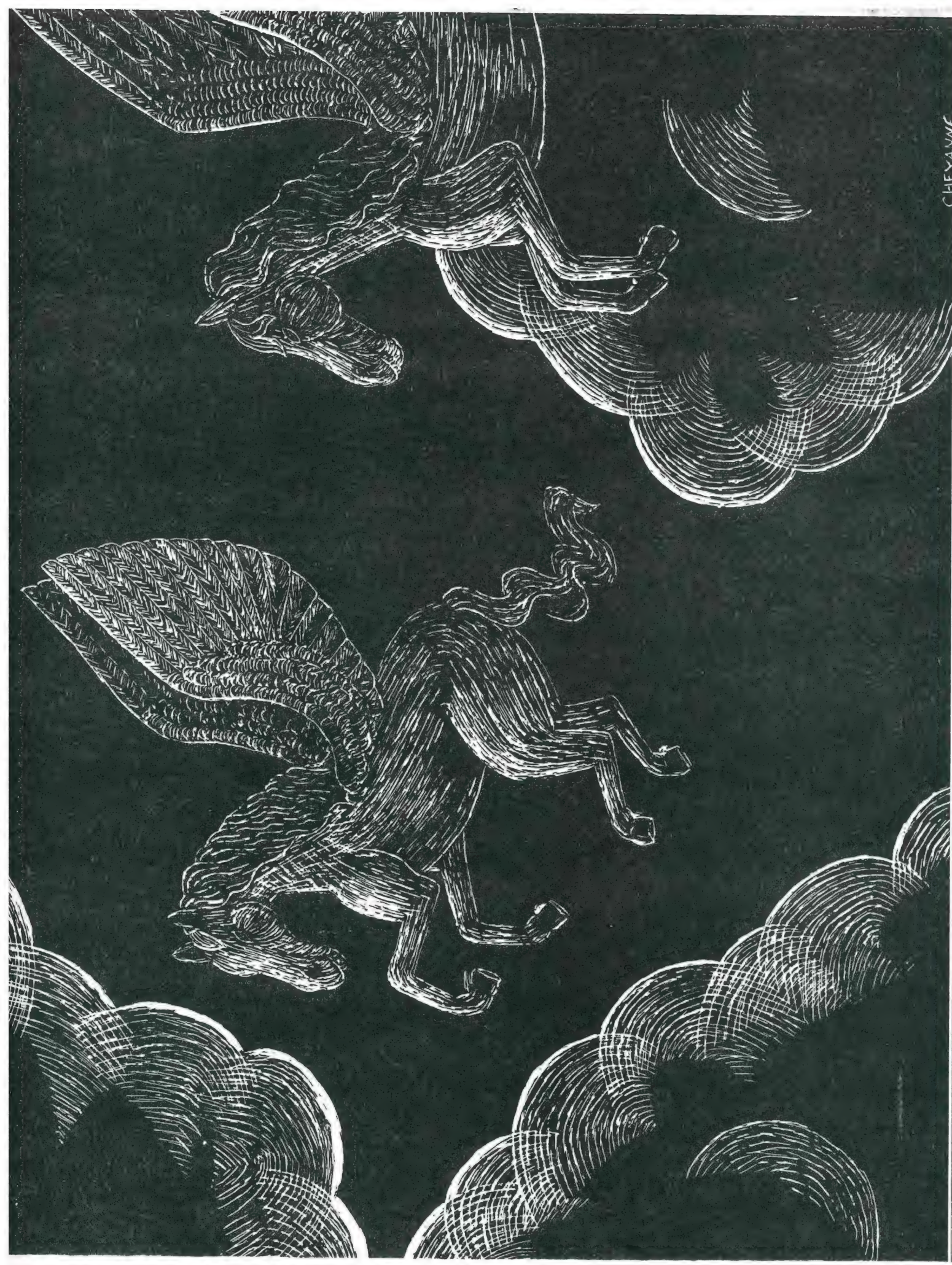
I have just one last question, Mom,
Before I say goodbye...
I didn't even drink, Mom,
So why am I to die?

This is the end, Mom.
I wish I could look you in the eye.
To say these final words, Mom,
I love you

and

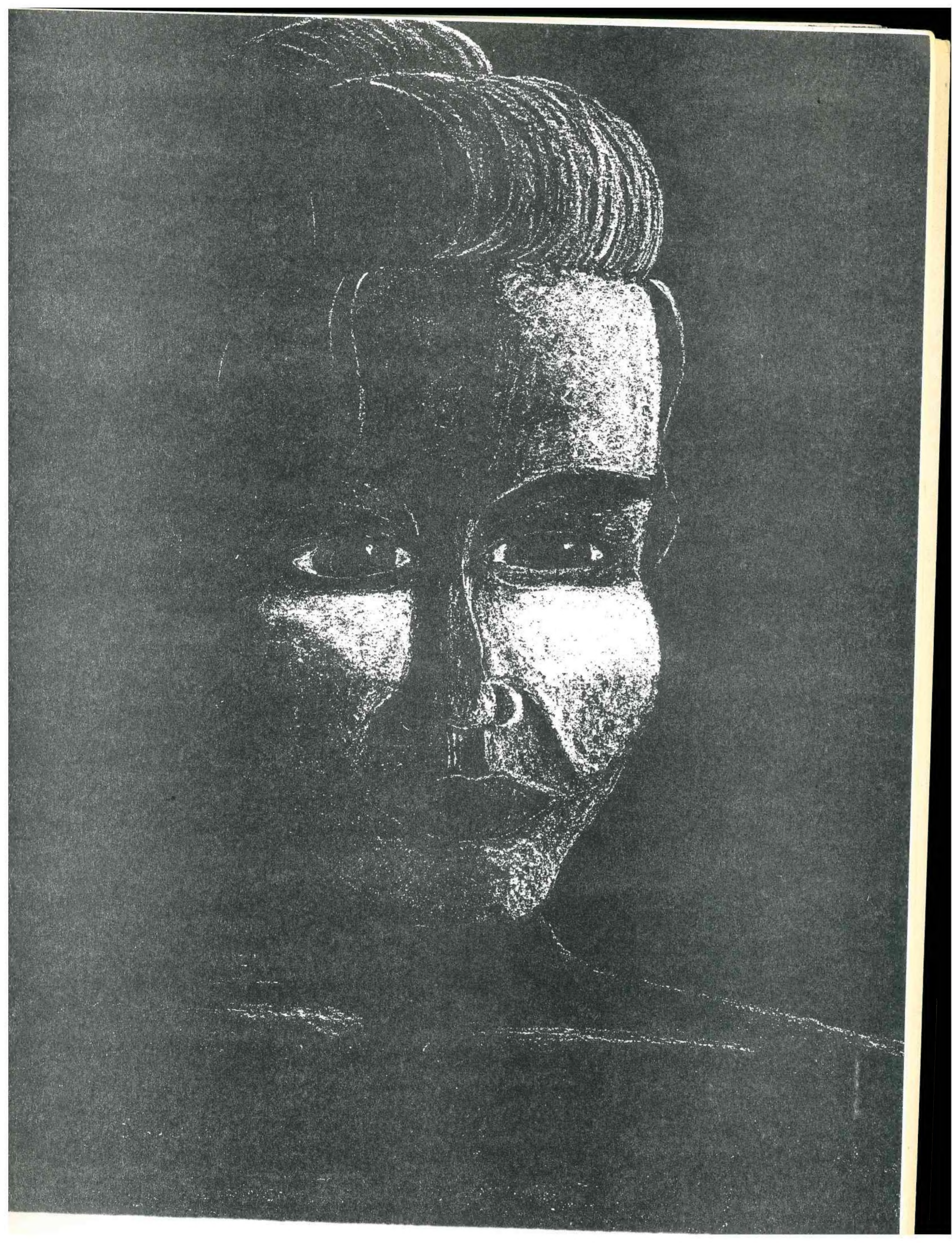
goodbye.

(author unknown)





Kevin M. Young





Kevin M. Govey
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SP